

SEVERAL COPIES OF  
 V E R S E S  
 ON THE DEATH OF  
 M<sup>r</sup> ABRAHAM COWLEY  
 And his Burial in  
 WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

**O**UR wit, till *Cowley* did its lustre raise,  
 May be resembled to the first three daies,  
 In which did shine only such streaks of light  
 As serv'd but to distinguish Day from Night:  
 But wit breaks forth, in all that he has done,  
 Like Light when 'twas united in the Sun.

The Poets formerly did lye in wait  
 To rifle those whom they would imitate:  
 We Watcht to rob all strangers when they writ,  
 And learnt their Language but to steal their Wit.  
 He from that need his Country does redeem,  
 Since those who want may be supply'd from him;  
 And Forreign Nations now may borrow more  
 From *Cowley* than we could from them before:  
 Who though he condescended to admit  
 The *Greeks* and *Romans* for his Guides in Wit  
 B Yet

Yet he those ancient Poets does pursue  
 But as the *Spaniards* great *Columbus* do ;  
 He taught them first to the New World to steer,  
 But they possess all that is precious there.

When first his spring of wit began to flow,  
 It rais'd in some, wonder and sorrow too,  
 That God had so much wit and knowledge lent,  
 And that they were not in his praises spent.

But those who in his *Dauids* look,  
 Find they his *Blossoms* for his *Fruit* mistook :  
 In diff'rent Ages diff'rent Muses shin'd,  
 His *Green* did charm the Sense, his *Ripe* the Mind.  
 Writing for Heaven he was inspir'd from thence,  
 And from his *Theam* deriv'd his influence.  
 The Scripture will no more the wicked fright ;  
 His Muse does make Religion a delight.

Oh how severely Man is us'd by Fate !  
 The covetous toil long for an Estate ;  
 And having got more than their life can spend,  
 They may bequeath it to a Son or Friend:  
 But Learning (in which none can have a share,  
 Unless they climb to it by time and care,  
 Learning,

Learning, the truest wealth which man can have)  
 Does, with his Body, perish in his Grave:  
 To Tenements of **C**lay it is confin'd,  
 Though 'tis the noblest purchase of the mind:  
 Oh why can we thus leave our friends possesst  
 Of all our acquisitions but the best?

Still when we study *Cowley* we lament,  
 That to the world he was no longer lent;  
 Who, like a Lightning, to our eyes was shown,  
 So bright he shin'd and was so quickly gone.  
 Sure he rejoic'd to see his flame expire,  
 Since he himself could not have rais'd it higher;  
 For when wise Poets can no higher flie,  
 They would, like Saints, in their perfection die.  
 Though beauty some affection in him bred,  
 Yet only sacred Learning he would wed;  
 By which th' illustrious off-spring of his brain  
 Shall over Wits great Empire ever reign:  
 His works shall live, when Pyramids of Pride  
 Shrink to such ashes as they long did hide.

That sacrilegious Fire (which did last year  
 Level those Piles which Piety did rear)

Dreaded

Dreaded neer that majestick Church to flye  
 Where English Kings and English Poets lye:  
 It at an awful distance did expire,  
 Such pow'r had sacred Ashes o're that Fire;  
 Such as it durst not neer that Structure come  
 Which Fate had order'd to be *Cowley's Tomb*;  
 And 'twill be still preserv'd, by being so,  
 From what the rage of future Flames can do.  
 Material Fire dares not that place infest  
 Where he who had immortal flame does rest.

There let his Urn remain; for it was fit  
 Amongst our Kings to lay the King of wit:  
 By which the Structure more renown'd will prove  
 For that part bury'd than for all above.

*ORRERY.*

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*FINIS.*

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